Contemplationes MUNDI, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE WORLD, AND OF Immortality.

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O Curas Hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!

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CONTEMPLATIONES MUNDI, & Immortalitatis :

CONTEMPLATIONS OF The WORLD, And of IMMORTALITY.

What a World is this! who doth not know,
How vile and vain are all things here below?
And what doth Promiſe fairely, and pretend
To ſatisfaction, fails Us in the End.
Where we beſtow our chiefeſt care & coſt,
Our hopes are fruſtrate, expectations loſt;
And commonly what we do moſt affect,
With greateſt Grief upon us doth reflect.
What doth a Man more ardently deſire,
In's Youth, Then that he may a Wife acquire;
Rich, Beautiful, and Young, of Vertuous mind,
And happy He, that ſuch a One doth find.
Of all the bleſſings that on Earth befall
She is the greateſt and if God withall
Doth Children give, that towardly do prove,
This fruitfull Vine, theſe Olive-Branches love,
With joy will cheriſh; Nature, Reaſon too,
Tell him, for them he cannot too much do.
But if his Wife grow froward, 'twill offend
If he ben't wiſe, or ſhe her manners mend;
If he be jealous, and her faith ſuſpect,
(Which God defend) This turns t'a ſoure neglect.
Or if his Children ſhall ill courſes take,
This will torment, and make his heart-ſtrings ake?

Croſſes more outward, he may better bear;
But theſe will inwardly his bowels tear.
Children are certain Cares and charges to us;
Uncertain Comforts, and too oft undoe us.
What then? Live ſingly, ſo thou mayſt be free,
But more or leſs Thou then a Man muſt be;
If thou live chaſtly: 'Tis a Gift ſo rare,
Unleſſe thou haſt it, thou thy Vow maiſt ſpare.
Th'art mov'd to marry, that thou mayſt ſurvive
In ſpight of Death, in th' Iſſue left alive.
Suppoſing all things, well then; Haſt thou got
A fair Eſtate, by Induſtry, or lot,
Or by deſcent? Oh happy mayſt thou be!
If all be ſound, and ther's no guilt in thee,
Or thine Eſtate inherent; For if ſo,
It like a *Canker* frets, away 'twill go.
The Wit of Man can hardly long ſecure,
What Gods impartial Juſtice finds impure.
But doth it hold, and the third Heir ſucceed,
Thy Grand-child great and hopefull? O take heed
To's Education! leſt from thence may ſpring
Some Vice, that to Confuſion all may bring.
Youth would be free and frollick. Do'ſt retain
Him yet at home? Perhaps an idle train
Of Tenants, Neighbours, Servants, or who not,
Draw their young Maſter to affect the Pot;
Or what's the Country gallantry. The Mother
May him ſupply, and ſuch Debauchments ſmother.
Thus is his Youth corrupted? This ſou'r taſte,
Th' ill ſeaſoned Veſſel will retain till laſt.
Or is he wean'd from home, and ſo ſent out,
To th' Univerſity? Then look about.
Hath he a carefull Tutor? Doth he fix
Unto his Study cloſely, or play tricks?
If ſo? His early Hopes may ſoon be cropt,
And this fair Branch from off thy Tree be lopt.
But comes he fairly off, and doth proceed
Unto ſome Inne of Court, in hope to ſpeed;
And get thoſe golden Apples growing there,
Which *Dragons* keep, and few away do beare;

Temptations there are rife, which way he will,
He may find means, his luſts how to fulfill,
To which his Youth inclines. If's pleaſure grow,
'Mongſt Wine or Women? There Companions flow
To pleaſe his humour, which if he purſue,
Hee his intemperance too late may rue.
Yet hold you me; He may not be reſtrain'd
Ther's honour and advancement, to be gain'd
Among'ſt thoſe *Hero's*; He may be a Prince,
As was 'twice famous *De L' Amour*; and ſince
He that entitled was to all the Grange,
With equipage ſo Prince-like, courtly, ſtrange,
That it did exerciſe *Mercurius*, Quill,
Which with ſuch admiration did us fill,
Fame flew ore Mountains with it into *Wales*,
And did amaze 'em there with ſuch ſtrange Tales
As ſince their King *Cadwallader* did raign,
They never heard; or when they ſhall again
Merlin hath not foretold, though ſome of late,
New Princes can, from his old Sawes create.
But on theſe objects let us only glance,
To be a Prince, it is not each Mans chance.
Would thy Gallanto, (in's affections free,)
Unto ſome Lady fain a ſervant be?
Take heed he be not caught: But if you find
He do'ſt in due reſpect to Woman-kind?
To viſit Ladies, ſo they vertuous be,
On fair accounts, may tolerated be.
Youth ſhould be wary though, *Sirenian* Charms
Tickle to Death, 'ere they perceive their harms.
For a divertiſement, unto a play,
'Tis much in uſe, to droll the time away.
To ſee, be ſeen; And talk when we are gone
How well the Scenes were fitted; What's well done,
What not. how here appear'd ſome Art,
How well brave *Roxelina* plaid her part.
With this, and that: To cenſure, or to praiſe
How here the Poet did deſerve the Baies,
But there he fail'd. O this is rarely fine,
At ſuch diſcourſe Who would not gladly dine?

He a Controller of the Wits is thought.
And Wit do's well, if not too dearly bought.
But ſuch ill conſequences oft attend
Theſe Courſes, they bring ſorrow in the end.
Who idely lives is Subject unto all
Aſſaults and Miſchiefs, that may him befall.
If 'twere but loſſe of time; ther's reaſon why
The Studious Soul ſhould looſe companions fly
That tempt and taint; Who would no evill doe,
Shuns all occaſions that may tend thereto.
And he that doth his better part regard
O're all his Senſes muſt keep watch and ward.
Here lies the Danger then. Thy heir is known
Much Money, Credit, and eſtate to own.
This is a Lure that from all Quarters draws
The Birds of prey, to ſeize him in their Clawes
Hectors and Gameſters haunt him with deſign,
To dig into him, and exhauſt his Mine.
And if they drill him on to game and play,
He with the deſperate Dye throwes all away.
And what his Anceſtors in many Yeers
Have got, He in one night aſunder tears.
He's Guld and cheated, and away muſt trot,
Or ſnap't by Catch-poles, in a priſon rot.
And poſſibly, 'ere he goes off the Stage
He to undoing doth his Friends engage.
And thus thy Heir, which ſhould thy houſe ſupport
Doth pull it down, and leave you *A-la-mort*.
But if he ſcape theſe ſnares, and comes to be,
An Utter-Barriſter; Yet don't we ſee
The Gown and Title don't a Lawyer make,
If th' Head-piece be not right The back will ake,
That wears that weighty Robe. He needs a Stock
Of Parts and Arts. You know of every Block.
Mercury is not fram'd, nor wiſdome found
In bodies that with folly do abound.
Yet if he grow in practice, and ſo be
Crouded with Clients, and the Golden Fee
Flows in; Let him beware he don't o're-ſtraine,
His Conſcience then, to multiply his gain,

Th' allurement 's great, and so the Danger's more,
To gain the World, and loose his Soul therefore.
Yet there's a way to prosper, fair and long
By helping such to right, as suffer wrong.
Pleading the Widdowes and the Orphans cause
Freeing the Innocent out of the Pawes
Of Fierce Oppressors. Thus hee'le honour doe,
Unto himself, and his profession too.
The Coife and Scarlet Robes do then adorne,
When they by persons of true Worth are worne.
Judges, as mortall Gods support the State,
If they fear God, and covetousnesse hate.
For when Corruption rots, and all falls down,
Integrity will flourish with renown.
But, wher's this Man of Men? *Oh i'ſt not ſed Aſtrea's* left us, and to heavens fled?
That Justice lately lean'd of t'other side,
Threw by her Scales, Or else them misimploid,
And Her most sacred Sword, e'rst us'd to smite
The Rebell down, did set him bolt upright,
And feld the Loyal Innocent? Who not?
Oh let these horrid Tragedies nere blot,
The Laws, or their professors rightly form'd:
'Twas high Injustice, when the Throne was storm'd.
All truth and right were ravish'd Arms bore sway,
May we n'er see again so sad a day.
Pardon a moy. Thou now a way hast found
To place thy *Younker* out on surer ground
Bind him Apprentice. Let him crosse the Main,
View Forreign parts; Returning home again
He as a Merchant, shall profoundly dive,
Into a close mysterious Craft, and thrive,
That he an Aldermans Estate, may gain,
Ride the trapt Horse, Deckt with a golden Chain,
Wear Scarlet, and fine Linnen, every day,
Fare most deliciously, and bear some sway.
Be courted both in City and in Town,
And honour'd as a Lord of high renown.
Oh this is brave indeed! Who would not be,
Bound for a time, that he might thus be free?

And fortunate? Yea, venture Life, what not?
That on ſo fair a ground, might fall his lot.
Yet ſtay fond Fool, and thou mayſt ſoon deſcry
This ſplendid ſhow, hath much of Pageantry.
And as in Lotteries the Blanks abound,
Whereto the Trumpets never do reſound:
But Prizes few, which they do ſo proclaim,
That it draws on Adventurers amain:
So here; Thou ſeeſt a few Men richly ride,
But not how many fail and ſlip aſide
As quite undone; Nay, we ſometimes do know
Theſe men diſmounted too, and fall full low:
So many wayes there be by Sea and Land,
To ruine ſuch, as on Adventures ſtand.
And what greives moſt, Affliction makes thoſe fly,
Who courted them in their proſperity;
Which this old Obſervation true doth prove,
Some do mens Fortunes, more than Perſons love.
But if they thrive, and to their Callings keep,
See how they cark and care, and hardly ſleep,
For fear of loſing what they ſo have got.
And well it is, if no miſdealing blot
Their Conſcience, ſince their trade (for lucres ſake)
Of good and evil Arts, doth much partake.
And then their gain is loſſe. The Heir all ſpends
In Luxury and Riot; So it ends.
If ſo? A *Souldier* let him be, and then
Hee'le hew his fortunes out of Rocks and Men,
As hard as they. We ſee how they have thriven,
And all with huge applauſe before 'em driven.
And who would not a great Commander be?
Souldiers of Fortune gallant are and free,
Honors and Empires they obtain, and by
The Sword they Rule and Reign; Who'l this deny?
Yet main't I ask this queſtion? Is't a Trade,
That *God* or *Nature* uncorrupt, ere made?
Or cam't from *Cain* and *Nimrod*? And we ſay,
The worſt of Creatures, are the Beaſts of Prey;
That feed on Blood and Slaughter: Be he made
A *Butcher* rather, than of ſuch a trade.

And though of late, by Providence and Plut[illegible]
Some ſo prevail'd, they brought the Owners un[illegible]
And then took all for theirs. Yet I want light,
How ſuch an Uſurpation makes a right.
I grant, to fight in our own juſt defence,
Or where the War is not on vain pretence,
But juſt and needfull; under due Command
We orderly unto our Arms may ſtand.
But much I fear, this is not alwayes weigh'd,
And therefore, whatſoe're we find is ſaid
Of ſome mens grand atchievements, and their ſtory
Is blazon'd out with attributes of glory:
Yet when (poor Mortals) they from hence are hurl'd,
Truth tels Us, They were Troublers of the World.
And that Commander, who his charge reſign'd
To *Charles* the fifth, did well informe his mind,
How needfull 'twas, He ſhould ſome diſtance have,
'Twixt that Imployment, and his look'd for Grave.
For ſurely though Ambition bears 'em high,
Th'Account is ſad, when ſuch Men come to Dye;
Their End approching, In another Sence
Things then appear; When once the Conſcience
Is wakned, and affrighted with the Guilt
Of all the Blood, which they have looſly ſpilt,
Now to be reckon'd for: When once grim Death
The King of Terrors, ſhortens their weak breath,
Though formerly theſe Men did little fear,
Yet now, a wounded Spirit, who can bear?
And therefore I thoſe mad-men think, or fools,
That raſhly meddle with ſuch ſharp edg'd-Tools
At all adventures, and do ne're conſult
With *Grotius*, or conſider the Reſult.
There hardly can be any true content
In an Imployment that's not innocent,
Or juſtly mannag'd. Let me never th ong
Into a Trade that thrives by doing wrong:
Let me alwayes my mind with Patience arm,
And rather Suffer, than be doing harm.
What then? Let Him go ſtudy Phyſick, and
Rack all his brains, to ſearch, and underſtand

What *Solomon* the wiſeſt King er'e wrote,
Or utter'd; Or by others hath been ſought,
In Natures cloſeſt Entrailes: This will do it,
'Ts natural, his *Genius* leads him to it;
The Knowledge is delightful, who do not learn
The ſtrange effects of cauſes to diſcern,
And try the hidden Vertue that remains,
In all that this vaſt Univerſe contains.
This is a noble Science, deep as high,
And when he comes this Knowledge to apply,
To practiſe; he is fee'd, and honour'd then,
As the Preſerver of decaying Men.
Sith skin for skin, and whatſoe're men have,
They'l part with, to preſerve 'em from the Grave;
So ſweet is Life to ſome, that pine and cry
With pain, and yet unwilling are to dy.
And yet admitting this for truth, we may
Conſider what *Hipocrates* did ſay,
The Art is long to learn, Mans Life is ſhort,
Th'Experience dangerous, not made in ſport.
And hence it follows, that for all their skill,
In ſtead of Curing, they ſometimes do kill:
So dark diſeaſes are! The Cauſes they
Do not diſcern, and ſo miſtake their way
Of helping Nature, haſtning to their end
Thoſe Patients, whom to ſave they did pretend.
Which though the Laws don't puniſh, ſurely they
For raſh miſtakes, ſhould abſolution pray:
How can *Religio Medici* diſpence
With things that come ſo near the Conſcience?
And whereas all their Art ſhould mainly bend
With eaſe of pain, our life how to extend;
They often in the main do erre, whilſt they
With ſtrong Exotick-med'cines force away
A pungent ſickneſs; ſo that now by this,
The Conſtitution of the Body is
Alter'd and weakn'd, and for preſent eaſe,
We're caſt into a contrary diſeaſe,
Which ſhortens life; and thus between Extreams
We periſh by th'unhappy uſe of Means:

Which (with ſome other reaſons) often make
Some ſhun their very Phyſick for healths ſake.
And as 'tis ſaid, *Apollo* could not cure
Himſelf with all his Art; ſo this is ſure,
Phyſicians alſo Die, as ſoon as any
That freely live, which terrifies the many;
And when they ſee, an Ague doth 'em poſe,
They doubt, they cannot ward them from Death's blows:
If Peper-poſſet and good Candles can-
Not do the Work? Oh then, God help the Man!
Beſides, if you conſider all the prancks
Acted by *Emperick*s and *Mountebanck*s,
On Patients over-credulous; You'd muſe
How they the Vulgar can ſo much abuſe:
But her's the Knack A cheap and ſpeedy Cure,
Is what the People pray, and they aſſure.
And if it take, *Quack*s have their thanks and more.
Though learn'd Phyſicians did the work before:
Opinion ſo from Truth and Merit ſwerves,
It may diſcourage him that beſt deſerves.
Now ſince Phyſicians of the Body fare
So ill ſometimes; let's of the Soul take Care:
And let thy Heir Contemplate night and day,
How he to Heaven, through the Milkey-way
Of Light may ſafely walk, and others lead
Inſtructed rightly in thoſe Paths to tread;
Faith and Good Works, by grace Divine, will guide
Us ſafely, when blind Zealots ſtep aſide:
A Holy Life, with Heavenly Doctrine ſuits:
Our Saviour ſaies, We know Trees by their fruits.
Thrice Bleſſed they, and their reward not ſmall
That help to free us from the ſlaviſh thrall
Of Sin and Sathan; Such Divines we own
As Gods Embaſſadors to fetch us home:
Of double honour, as moſt worthy, we
Muſt them eſteem; So let them ever be.
But Lord, of late, what lying ſpirit didſt
Thou ſend abroad, (to puniſh us amidſt
Our vile Tranſgreſſions) ſo that they who did
Seem Goſpel-teachers, (as if all beſtrid

With Fiends and Furies) Did moſt highly rant,
And under colour of a *Covenant*,
Compos'd by wicked Craft, as in thy Name,
Whats'ere was Holy, boldly did prophane,
And pull down what was high, with great diſdain,
That they o're all might domineer and raign?
And though for Peace and Truth they did pretend,
Yet they by War and Falſhood, in the end,
(For *Reformation* ſake, by meer deluſion)
Brought King and Church, and All unto Confuſion:
Whilſt Curſing *Meros*, to uphold the Sword,
They ſeem'd to fight the Battails of the Lord.
O horrid Villanie! thus to beſpot
Reform'd Religion with ſo foul a blot;
Such *Pulpit-Drummers*, ſuch black ſeeming-ſaints,
And Canting *Gypſies*! How my ſpirit faints
To think upon! Let them avoided be;
From ſuch Blind-Guides, good Lord deliver me.
But as unſavory Salt, though ſome are meet
To be caſt out, and troden under feet;
Yet others ſtill were Orthodox, and right,
And now, as Gold thrice purifi'd, ſhine bright.
And howſo'ere ſome did the Scriptures wreſt
To their deſtruction, as of things the beſt
Corruption is the worſt; yet when all's try'd,
Wiſdome is of her Children juſtifi'd.
The Function Holy is, and they that do
It undertake, ſhould all be holy too:
As call'd from Heaven, to be crucifi'd
Unto the World, and ſo ſelf-mortifi'd.
Sad is his caſe that doth to others prate,
Whilſt he himſelf is found a Reprobate.
And though our Monaſteries all are down,
A Prieſt of a retir'd Life we'd own,
And honour; As from Worldly cares remote,
To be more free, and piouſly devote:
This would in time reduce the world to know
What Honour we to God's true Servants owe.
But this, perhaps, unto thy tender Heir
Unpleaſant is, and ſeemeth too ſevere.

Things preſent take us moſt, and therefore he
Ambitious is a Courtier how to be.
There is the Pomp and Pleaſure, every day
Clad in ſoft rayment; as a Gallant may
He ſhine and be obſerv'd: For to the Court
From many places People do reſort:
Who'd not affect to ſee, and to be ſeen,
And Flouriſh where the Spring alwayes is green.
Yet pauſe a while, I thee my Friend exhort,
Ere thou ſtep o're the Threſhold of the Court,
What doſt thou there expect? t'enrich thy mind
By ſuch examples as thou there mayſt find,
Or holy precepts? Doubtleſs, both there be.
Yet if thou there improv'ſt, 'tis rare to ſee.
In Courts, ſuch ſtrong Temptations do aſſail,
And Policies o're Piety prevail:
The Poet's Counſel did of old import,
Who would be Pious; Let him quit the Court.
But thou haſt well deſerv'd, and ſervice done
Unto thy King and Country, and art come,
Expecting a reward; Be patient yet
Whilſt others, (leſs deſerving) places get;
The Race is not alwayes unto the ſwift,
There's ſomething elſe, doth ſometimes give the lift;
A ſprinkling of Court-holy-water thou
Perhaps mayſt get, to ſmooth thy wrinckled brow,
And be not angry: For thou knowſt the King
Is wholly good and gracious. Yet each thing
He can't diſcern; from others tongues he hears,
And ſome are skil'd in tickling Princes ears,
And would Monopolize 'im wholly, leſt
His Majeſty ſhould know who ſerv'd him beſt:
And more than ſome, that too much do pretend,
The Truth is ſtrong, and will prevail in th' end.
Yet wilt thou venture on? Doſt thither bring
A Fortune, ſith ſoon there, that very thing
Admittance gains? Conſider, and take heed,
Doſt thou with Favour in thy Fortune ſpeed?
'T has been obſerv'd, that ſome who empty come,
Go full away, the full go empty home.

Some drive a ſubtle trade; beware of that,
Pharoh's Lean Kyne did ſoon devour the fat.
Therefore ſome ſay, and think ther's reaſon for't,
Firſt make thy Will, e're thou come neer the Court.
But doſt thou in thy Prince's favour thrive?
Thou'lt then be thought the happieſt man alive,
If thou hold'ſt on; But in this Jewel rare,
Each Courtier covets how to have a ſhare;
And this Rivality doth envy raiſe,
Which as with Briers, to obſtruct thy wayes,
Intangle will thy feet, untill thou canſt
Not well proceed, retreat, or ſafely ſtandſt.
So fickle is Court-favour, and the place
Attended ſtill with danger and diſgrace:
That how much higher thou waſt mounted e'rſt
Thy fall's the greater, when the the wheel's reverſt.
Which if thou fear, forbear thou then to clime.
Keep thine own ſtation, husband well thy time,
And thy Eſtate. If thou canſt bring thy mind
To be content, thou wilt a Treaſure find
Still full and flowing. Happy man is he,
Can with his Country life delighted be;
In what his Farm affords: A ſober dyet,
With a good ſtomach eaten, yeilds him quiet
And pleaſant reſt; His body healthfull, ſtrong,
With life as cheerful as the dayes are long.
Thus with thy Family, thou as a Prince
Mayſt live and die, ſecur'd with Innocence;
But if thou doſt affect abroad to fly,
Thou'lt find what thou admir'ſt, is vanity,
And brings withall, vexation of Spirit.
Who loves the World, let him it's cares inherit,
And Croſſes too; he'l find that every thing
He dotes upon, will diſappointment bring.
Beauty, with Youth and Health, are Things moſt gay;
Which Sickneſs withers, Age takes quite away.
Strength hath its failings, and inticements too
Theſe fair Endowments often do undo
Thoſe whoſe ore'prize 'em. Wit and learning high,
The Wiſe-man ſaid, are full of vanity.

Money, that as a Queen, the World doth ſway
Doth ſcarce ſo often help, as't doth betray,
To danger, them that own it. Han't we ſeen,
The richeſt Men have ſoon'ſt Delinquents bin?
Yea rob'd and ſpoild, byſuch as did deviſe,
To break all Lawes; ſo they might tyrannize?
And when th' ambitious get preferments high
Some looking on 'em with an evill eye.
Complot to undermine 'em with diſgrace
So they're thrown down, by ſuch as ſeek their place.
On this worlds Stage, we ſeveral parts do play,
But the laſt Act doth all the reſt diſplay,
Which ſhews, that anſwer was not much amiſſe
That *Solon* gave to *Cræſſus*, which was this,
That no man here could happy ſaid to be,
Though great and rich, till we his end do ſee.
Thus are we toſt and tumbled upſide down;
Ther's nothing Stable heere; no not the Crown.
To time and chance ſo much their doth belong,
The Battaile is not alwayes to the ſtrong.
Such ſtrange events do often interpoſe,
That croſſe our expectations in the cloſe.
God wils it ſo, that we in him ſhould truſt,
Whoſe wayes are often ſecret, alwayes juſt.
And as we do incertain all things find,
So they're unſatisfying to the mind.
The higheſt honours, pleaſures, profits all,
Mixt with ſome Hony, have much more of Gall,
Which whoſoever greedily ſhall taſt,
I'th bottom hee'le find bitterneſſe at laſt.
Which ſours and ſickens, and cannot diſpenſe,
A full contentment to Man's carnall ſenſe,
Much leſſe a Satisfaction can impart,
To his large Soul, and ever thirſty heart;
Which cannot acquieſce, but pine with grief
Becauſe they cannot find a full relief
In any thing that's here below the Sun,
Where all muſt end that ever was begun.
Farewel deceitful World then; Since I ſee,
Thy fond Idolaters deluded be.

And

And what with appetite in ſuppoſition
They moſt adore, falls ſhort in their fruition;
Like *Sodom's Apples*, ſeeming full and fair,
But touch'd, all foul, ſmoaky and noiſome are.
Henceforth then, what my Judgement doth condemn,
Let me in my deſires as much contemn,
And practiſe what is n'ere to be forgot,
To uſe this World, as though I us'd it not;
Placing my Treaſure, where no Moth can fret,
Nor Ruſt corrupt, nor Thieves away it get:
And ſo preſerve my Heart entire and free,
That it may never more entangled be
With this Worlds painted, guilefull, guilded ſhows,
Nor look on Pleaſure as it comes, but goes;
And curbing my affections ſtill beware,
My ſenſes do not my weak Soul enſnare,
Which is immortall, and accompt muſt give
Of what I do, whilſt here on Earth I live.
Which if conſidered duely, may prevent
Thoſe follies, that I daily do lament:
And that henceforth I may offend no more.
Aſſiſt me Lord, thy Aid I do implore.
Great God and good, let me no longer ſtray
In this Worlds Labyrinth, ſhew me the way
How to return; with thy all-ſaving Grace.
Conduct me through this Lifes uncertain race;
And bring me home to Thee, where pleaſures flow,
And Joys unmixt with grief, which none here know;
Where free from Sin and Sorrow, Envy, Want,
Thy bleſſed Saints do *Hallelujahs* Chant:
Lord, cleanſe my ſin-polluted Soul, and take
Me to thy Reſt, for my Redeemer's ſake.

Amen. *Amen.*

Amen.

FINIS.